**A Hole in the Sky**

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# A Hole in the Sky

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Summary

Ford tries to negotiate a deal with Bill, and it goes awry.

*“That’s a lie, Sixer. I’m pretty sure even dumb-as-a-block over there could tell.” Stan is jerked forward, towards them. Bill twists again, eye wide with mirth. “You’ve surprised me, I’ll give you that. And I haven’t been surprised for a long time. So how about this, I’ve got another proposition, fuck bruiser over there and I won’t kill the both of you right now. Deal?”*

*A tendril snakes out of Bill’s body, blue and burning. Ford looks at him with a disconcerting intensity, looks back at the appendage, and grasps it. “Deal.”*

The tendrils around him writhe and twist. Stan sucks in a breath, feeling the tentacles squeeze as he tries to draw in air. There are bands around his lungs and he can't break them. He tries again, flexing the muscles in his back, in his chest; his mouth is open and he's panting, begging for air. A soft black tendril slips between his lips, pushes its way down his throat and stops, choking him. He gags, but it's useless. It's okay though, because Stanford is safe on the floor and the kids are far away. He's giving them time. He wants to tell them to get out of here but he can't. They're smart though, they'll leave him and go.

He feels a little warm now, a little detached and very, very tired. Dark spots dance in front of his vision, that dilate and become wider. The world is going grey at the edges, colour absorbed into the deep wells of black, gaping holes in reality. Stan thinks he sees the tentacles pulsing, can feel them grow thicker in his mouth.

"Bill, stop!" Stanford's voice cries out, loud and high with fear. "Bill, I'll do anything."

Stan hears something like a sob but it's so far away, so distant and faint.

*Run, Sixer.* He mouths, spittle leaking from the corner of his stretched lips. *Run.*

Bill's shape rearranges: he becomes larger, rotating like a pyramidal rubik's cube. Reality warps next to him, molding beneath the sheer weight of his excitement. A dark spot coalesces right at Bill's pupil, swelling and circular. "Anything, Fordsy?"

Ford nods. The idiot.

Bill slides closer to him, and Ford looks incomprehensibly small and fragile. The tentacles around Stan tighten, expectant. "The equation, IQ. Your brother's waiting."

Ford is squaring his shoulders, puffing out his chest. Stan's consciousness is a dim, vague thing but he is reminded oddly of prom night 40 years ago, of watching Ford ask girls out to dance with sweaty, trembling hands. "I was thinking we could make another deal."

"I'm listening."

"I'll let you inside me if you let Stan go." Ford says, quick and quiet.

The tendrils loosen with shock, and Stan can *breathe,* the soft monotone of the world recedes and color returns in sections. First it is the delicate pink of Ford's blush and then it is Bill, who flickers between red and yellow, red and yellow, and settles on a jarring, vivid crimson. Bill laughs.

"I don't have to fuck you for everyone to know you're *mine*."

Ford splutters, Bill's glow catching his face and making the flush in his cheeks darker. "That's not what I meant."

"That's a lie, Sixer. I'm pretty sure even dumb-as-a-block over there could tell." Stan is jerked forward, towards them. Bill twists again, eye wide with mirth. "You've surprised me,

Sixer, I'll give you that. And I haven't been surprised for a *long* time. So how about this, I've got another proposition, fuck bruiser over there and I won't kill the both of you right now. Deal?"

A tendril snakes out of Bill's body, blue and burning. Ford looks at him with a disconcerting intensity, looks back at the appendage, and grasps it. "Deal."

Stan's sure he's misheard him but heatless blue flames cover his body, growing high and hot, before vanishing.

It's done.

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"Stan, could you please cooperate."

Ford is standing in front of Stan with the fly of his pants undone, the tip of his dick peeks out between the open fabric, red and wet. He looks awkward, back uncomfortably straight, face pinched. A sheen of sweat is visible on his brow.

Stan swallows, his adam's apple bobbing up and down. "Ford, we don't have to do this."

"A deal's a deal, Lee. Especially with Bill." Tentatively, Ford reaches out and puts a hand on Stan's shoulder. "It'll be done soon." He squeezes, the heat from the palm of his hand leaches through Stan's clothes; it should be soothing but it's not. Stan shivers, it feels too intimate already. This isn't how he pictured reuniting with his brother, but nothing in his life seems to go according to plan.

"Hurry it up!" Bill says, voice jarringly loud and close. Stan doesn't focus on him, on the glowing red shape at the corner of his eye. Instead, he breathes, feeling the bruises on his chest. He reaches down, undoes his belt, and opens his zipper. Ford's hand is still on his shoulder.

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He just needs to keep breathing.

Stan hasn't been on his knees in a long time. It's not that he's forgotten how to suck cock, it's just that he's rusty. His tongue is thick and awkward, spit leaks from the corner of his lips and he's not doing much more than sucking the first few inches of Ford's cock, jerking the rest of

the shaft that he can't fit into his mouth. His lack of technique doesn't seem to matter because Ford's eyes are closed and his hips jerk forward sporadically, like he can't seem to control himself. Stan doesn't hold it against him, it's not like he's been with many people these past thirty years either.

He tries to remember the tricks he'd learnt while living out of his car, he curls his fingers into fists, thumb tucked inside. It's not good for punching, but his gag reflex relaxes and his throat opens to Ford's cock.

When his nose presses against the wiry curls at the base of Ford's dick, he hears a soft, decadent moan. He tunes out Bill's praise, he doesn't want to hear that.  He focuses on Ford's hand carding through his hair and holding him in place.

Stan inhales slowly through his nose. It's almost over.

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His jaw is starting to ache, but that's not too bad. What's worse is the tentacles that are twining around his ankles and around his hips. The pressure is so light he wouldn't have noticed them had they not been so dripping wet and warm.

He taps Ford's hip, trying to get him to notice, to help but it's too late because one tendril has already slipped inside his pants and circled his cock. He moans, hips twitching and it's only then that Ford open his eyes.

"Bill, what're you doing?" Ford asks, the sharp and trembling beginnings of fear cutting through the hazy desire inside of him.

"Joining in on the party, brainiac."

Belatedly, Stan realizes that the slickness along his length doesn't feel quite natural. Inside him, something buzzes, galvanic desire and electric heat.

*What the fuck is Bill doing to him?*

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The tentacles are surprisingly delicate when they push inside Stan, tracing his hole and making it slippery and wet and sensitive. He's lust hazed and there's a soft hum beneath his skin, in his veins and heart that only gets stronger and stronger.

It feels wonderfully good. Stan doesn't really like that.

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"Lee." Ford says, "Lee, stop. I'm close." He pulls Stan away from his cock forcibly. "We're not done."

He doesn't quite meet Stan's eyes, which isn't so bad. But Ford's gaze is focused a little above him, on the tentacle slowly fucking open Stan's ass. The sound of it slipping in and out of him is obscene in the quietness of the room.

"He never told you, did he?" Bill interrupts, thrusting into Stan sharply likes he's trying to get his attention.

It's a vague statement, but Stan isn't stupid. He understands what Bill means.

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When they were young Ford always liked touching Stan. People would expect Stan to be the tactile one, and he was to an extent, casually bumping against Ford's shoulder, punching him in the arm. But it was always Ford who craved intimacy, who would grab his hand, walk just a shade too close, and whose hugs were just a little bit too tight.

He remembers lying down on the sun warmed wood of the Stan-O-War, splinters pricking his back, eyes closed and in the soft, hazy place between sleep and awareness. He remembers the heat of Ford's breath on his face, the feeling of chapped lips against his own. He remembers keeping his eyes closed and his breath steady, letting Ford touch him.

When the sun set and they went home, he curled up in his bed and fell asleep to the sound of Ford's soft snores. Nothing had changed and it never came up again.

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When Bill pulls out, Stan keens. The tentacles had kept a constant, wonderful pressure on his prostate. The slickness is still there, sparking each nerve in his body, making him feel

painfully empty, so it's not a surprise when the first thing he manages to choke out to Ford is, *Fuck me*.

Ford is thick, thicker than the tentacle and he feels *so good*. He fills all the right places in Stan and it's almost overwhelming. Stan's legs are wrapped around his waist, keeping Ford close and heavy. When Stan opens his eyes he can't even see Bill. It's just them, as it always should've been.

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He's not sure what he's saying beyond a litany that consists of Ford's name and the word *faster*.

The tendrils still writhe around them, slicking their sweat soaked bodies, making Ford rut into Stan with a feverish intensity.

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"Ford, fuck me. Harder."

Ford's face is tucked into the hollow where Stan's neck meets his shoulder. He doesn't change his pace. Stan rolls his hips upwards, trying to meet his thrusts.

"Yes, yes. *Please*, Ford."

It's only then that Ford looks up, looks at Stan's perspiration-wet, lust-red face and kisses him. He still doesn't go any faster but it doesn't matter because Stan is already coming.

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The come down isn't awful, another tentacle has slipped alongside Ford's cock and it definitely hurts, but it hurts in the same way that a rough kiss does. Stan doesn't mind, he's loose limbed and relaxed from orgasm and each brush against his prostate still causes his heart to stutter.

What's more important though is that Ford is very, very close. He's biting his bottom lip and frowning, and it's odd because he looks familiar. He looks like Stan when he's desperately trying to hold off an orgasm, when he's trying to make things last. It's sweet.

Stan smiles, crooked and tired. “Come for me, Sixer.” He whispers, clenching around Ford’s cock.

“Stanley.” It’s quiet and choked and so full of love that Stan would suffer through another 30 years just to hear it again.

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Bill doesn’t seem angry when they disentangle themselves from each other, but he doesn’t seem too happy either. He’s shifted back into his tiny, triangular form and he looks almost innocuous, floating closer to them. Stan can feel the sense-memory of tendrils around his chest, choking him, fucking him.

“I wanna make another deal.” Bill says, looking at Stan intently. Ford watches them, confused.

Stan is good at reading people, he knows what Bill wants. His fingers glow an enticing blue.

Stan's used to selling himself too, and with barely any hesitance he reaches out and shakes Bill’s hand.

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